

# NOTICE--EVERY UMBRELLA

of our manufacture has **OUR NAME** upon the inside label, and **FOX'S** Stamp and Trade Mark upon the frame.—**DUNKERLEY & FRANKS,** 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

ESTABLISHED  
116 YEARS.

## KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.  
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

70  
DEANS GATE.

# BOHANNA, TASKER, & CO.,

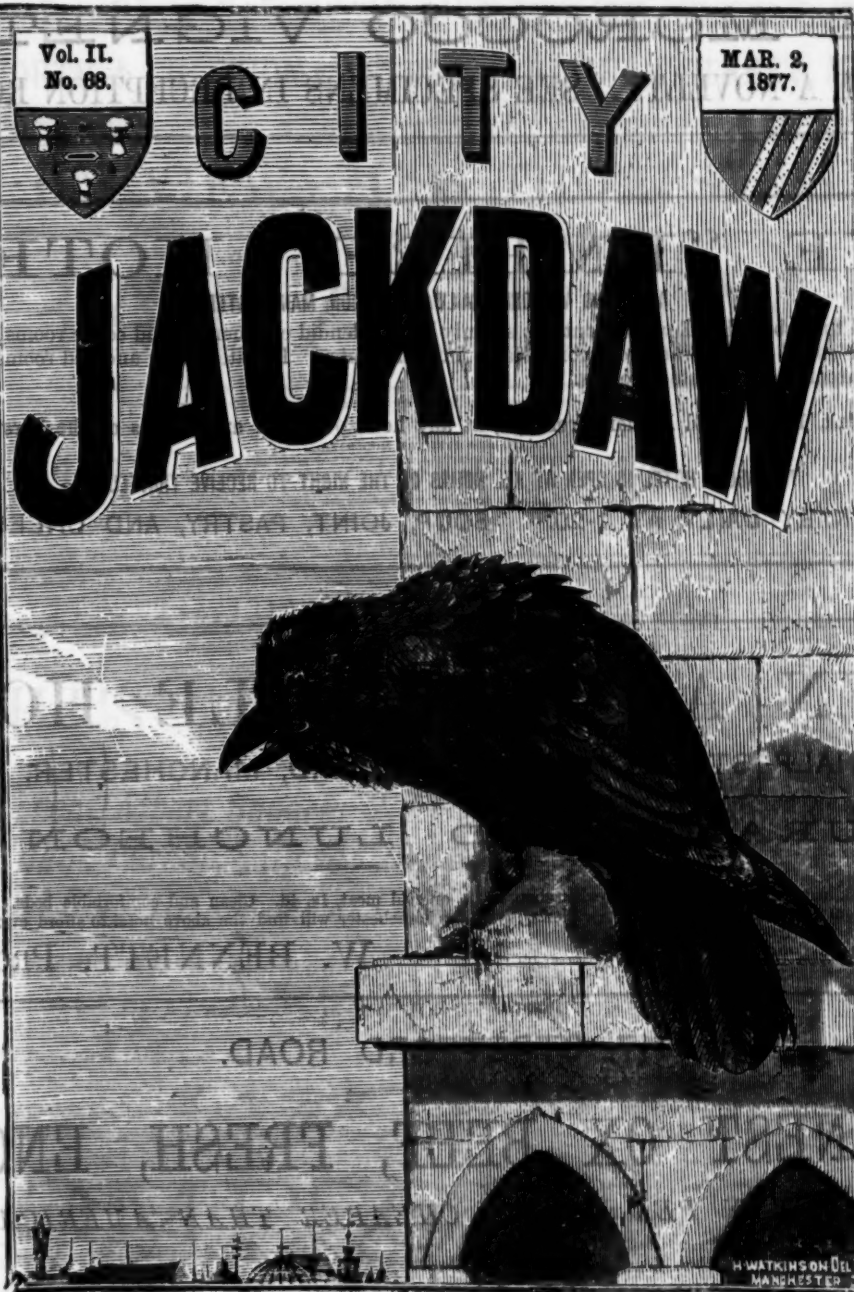
Will Open the Premises, 2, Victoria Street (lately occupied by Mr. Knowles, Jeweller), on  
Saturday Next, with a General Stock of  
STATIONERY, PURSES, POCKET BOOKS, GOLD & SILVER PENCIL CASES.

## STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.

WHERE IS IT?

S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.

S. LAWTON, PROPRIETOR.



S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.

S. LAWTON, PROPRIETOR.

## STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.

WHERE IS IT?

ESTABLISHED  
SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

**A. FRANKS,**

ESTABLISHED  
(SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.)

## OCULIST AND OPTICIAN,

2, KING STREET, & DEANS GATE (opposite the Star Hotel), MANCHESTER.

A Large Stock of Magic Lanterns and Slides. Opera, Race, Field, and Marine Glasses in Great Variety. Spectacles and Artificial Eyes accurately adapted.

## THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,  
HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

**THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,**  
QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

## THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms.

Chop or Steak, 1s. 6d.; and Dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and Spirits of the First Quality.

ALL CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

THE ABOVE HOTEL IS OPEN AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT TO RECEIVE TRAVELLERS.

AN ORDINARY DAILY AT 1-20. SOUP, JOINT, PASTRY, AND CHEESE, 1/6.

## CROWN AND THISTLE HOTEL,

HALF STREET, CATHEDRAL YARD, MANCHESTER.

RESTAURANT AND LUNCHEON BAR.

Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak, or cold meat, 1s. 4d. Clean and comfortable beds. Billiard, smoke, and coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at strictly moderate charges. Choice wines, spirits, cigars, &c.

W. BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

117, STRETFORD ROAD.

## THE FINEST OX BEEF, FRESH, ENGLISH,

HALFPENNY PER POUND CHEAPER THAN AMERICAN.

HODGSON, THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,

YOUR TRIED FRIEND,

117, STRETFORD ROAD.

PRICE LISTS AT THE DOOR.

PRICE LISTS AT THE DOOR.

**JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,**

*Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.*

NEW PREMISES CORNER OF HIGH ST. AND THOMAS ST., SHUDEHILL.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO., THOMAS STREET AND HIGH STREET, MANCHESTER.

ON VIEW.—MISS THOMPSON'S

**"BALACLAVA"**

MR. W. E. HAMER

Is NOW EXHIBITING this GRAND NATIONAL PICTURE at the ROYAL INSTITUTION, Mosley St.

HOURS, TEN TO FIVE. ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

**BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!**

**WRIGHT'S AMERICAN MEAT STORES**

ARE NOW OPEN AT

57, Cross St., near Albert Square; 2, Alexandra Road, Moss Side; 12, Bury New Road; 17, Bank Parade, Salford; 296, Regent Road, Salford; 42, Newport St., Bolton; and Rock St., corner of Eden St., Bury.

Where the **FINEST OX BEEF** and **MUTTON** will be sold at very reasonable prices.

A great saving will be effected. Note the addresses. One trial solicited.

**LAST WEEK!**

**THOMPSON'S SALE**

HOSIER AND GLOVER, 15, ST. ANN'S STREET.

Removing to No. 5, four doors nearer Deansgate.



## MANCHESTER MISSION, 1877.

IT being generally felt that some acknowledgment should be made of the labours of the Rev. W. J. KNOX-LITTLE

during the recent Mission, and it being known that he is at present most anxious that NEW SCHOOLS should be erected and completed as early as possible in Cheetwood, a

suggestion has been made that many would be glad to assist in carrying out an object in which he is so interested, as

ONE PERMANENT MEMORIAL of the MANCHESTER MISSION of 1877.

If any to whom this suggestion may be acceptable, will kindly communicate, at an early date, with Mr. JOHN EVANS,

17, Brazenose Street, Manchester, arrangements will be made for a MEETING of those desirous of carrying out the project.

Manchester, February 19th, 1877.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 68.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## COMMISSION AGENTS.

EARLY in February a Manchester commission agent was charged at the police court with pawning large quantities of goods belonging to a Scotch manufacturer whom he has represented for the last eighteen years. The case was adjourned until the 14th February, and instead of the defendant appearing at the court to answer the charge, his solicitor informed the magistrates that his client had left Manchester, and would not appear. Unfortunately, during the last five years similar cases have been rather frequent among commission agents, although they may have been on a much smaller scale, and possibly seldom taken to a police court. The commission agency business in this city has of late years grown to be such an extensive one that the subject is worth calling attention to. Time was when large manufacturers throughout the country considered it against their interest to have agents in the large cities, such as Glasgow, Manchester, etc.; but, as the saying is, times are changed, and so are manufacturers, for there is now scarcely a manufacturer of any note who has not an agent in all the large towns. They held aloof from agents as long as possible, but when two or three in a certain trade got representatives their trade gradually increased, until their competitors who had not representatives were compelled to appoint agents. The commission agency business is often called the "refuge of the destitute," and is so named from the fact of numbers of broken-down semi-genteel people being engaged in it. It is a business that can be commenced without any capital, and for this reason almost every one, poor or rich, can join its ranks. Some years ago money was easily made in the commission trade, but the dull state of trade during the past few years, and necessarily desperate competition of manufacturers, has made it more difficult to make money than in former times, when there was about one-third the number of agents. When a buyer is swapped he generally tries to get a similar situation as buyer, and if he fails in this, as he often does, he resolves to enter the "refuge of the destitute," and to accomplish this he generally visits the manufacturers he used to purchase from, and solicits their agency. In this he is not always successful. He finds manufacturers who patted him on the shoulder when a buyer do not give him the attention which he expected from them, and is surprised to hear them making excuses such as "we will think over the matter and write you," or "we are so busy that we could not undertake more work," either of which excuses often mean that he is not the man they fancy for their agent. Again, young men in situations as salesmen in the general houses often envy the agents whom they see daily, wishing they also could be their own masters, and longing for that proud moment in their lives which all men feel proud of—namely, when they can boast of having a warehouse, or, as is usually termed when a man starts business, "he is now on his own hook." It is with no small pride the young commission agent presents even his private friends with his business card. It may be as follows:—"J. Snubbs, Commission Agent, Prosperity Street, Manchester." Many young men, believing the commission trade to be one of ease and free from annoyances, are tempted to leave good situations by some paltry manufacturer, and after working for twelve months are glad to get into a situation at £30 a year less than they had at their old situation. We have known so many cases of this sort that we may be pardoned for giving advice to young men in good situations, and that advice is, be very careful about leaving a situation to start the commission trade, unless you have got two or three first-class manufacturers to repre-

sent. If any steady youth gets a chance such as we have named, he could not have a better field than Manchester, for besides an extensive home trade there is an immense shipping trade done in Manchester, and sometimes if the one is quiet he can fall back upon the other. Besides this, in no city in the kingdom are buyers less conservative than in Manchester, and being a manufacturing place buyers know their trade better than in other towns. They are, as a rule, more inclined to give new agents a chance to do their trade than the buyers of London, Glasgow, etc.

There are two classes who seldom prosper in the commission business. One is the youth who has little ballast or self-control, and who may make a good servant but a bad master. Such an one generally starts by taking things mighty easy, and at the same time tells everybody in such a boasting manner about the immense orders (most of which rise in his fertile brain) that his old associates think he is making a fortune, and he perhaps by his bombast is able to talk over some creny who has a few hundred pounds, and so prevails on him to become a partner. Then the new firm has some new life, and commences applying for agencies. The following is a copy of an application we have seen:—

"Messrs. Stickles and Co.—Gentlemen, hearing that you are in want of an agent [perhaps they never heard anything of the sort] we beg to apply for the agency. We have been in business for some time, and could do a large trade for you if you will only just try us. We can refer you to Mr. Big, at E. and J. Jackel and Son; Mr. Fancy, of J. P. Westend and Co.; Mr. Seart, of H. Blanding and Sons; Mr. Plue, of M'Screw, Tighthouse, and Co.; Mr. Clover, of J. Thought and Sons; Mr. J. Large, of J. Rye and Sons; Mr. Slick, of R. Falling and Co. All these buyers have known us for years, and can certify to our abilities.—Yours respectfully,  
SNAIL AND CAPITAL."

Such a firm are often surprised to get a reply as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—In answer to your application, we are not in want of an agent at present.—Yours, etc.,  
NOT REPRESENTATION AND Co."

After half the capital is spent, the new partner, not wanting to lose all, suggests dissolution, and both partners are glad to get into "berths," at less money than before they started business "on their own hook," sadder and (let us hope) wiser men.

The other class of men who do not often succeed in the commission trade are middle-aged men, who have been in business for themselves as warehousemen or manufacturers, and failed. These men are generally too proud to take a situation; and when a man is too proud to take a situation he is not fit for the commission trade. Such a man generally tries to keep up his old pride in refusing to carry a parcel of samples from one warehouse to another, and likes opening his office at ten a.m., and closing it at five p.m. He generally commences without an office-boy, and has a slate affixed to the door with a notice that callers will please leave their message on the slate; and he generally has another ticket stating that he will return in ten minutes. As a rule, he forgets to be back in ten minutes, and buyers know better than wait for an agent who makes appointments on his door. The discouragements and snubs such agents meet with often tempt them from their office to the bar parlour until the habit of tipping gets over them, and they descend the hill of misfortune until poverty compels them to alight their office and try something else.

Although we have pictured the dark side of the commission trade, we must not forget that there is a bright side to it. There are hundreds of upright, steady, and straightforward men in this trade. Young men,

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale {Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, 301 and 303, CHAPPEL STREET.} Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH. 2s. 6d. per week. W. HARRISON, 128, Portland Street, Manchester.

who perhaps have only been in it for a year or two, are making from £500 to £1200 a year; and middle-aged men in their prime may be making from £800 to £2000 a year with very little risk. Most of such men are an honour to their friends, and their success causes them to move about with that independent step which a man has when he can look up to the world, and feel that he, by dint of perseverance and hard work, has attained a high and honourable position in the trade. We hope that better times are in store for the commission agents, and that there will be a great improvement in trade over the past few years, and also that the class of men who are at present a disgrace to the trade may be in time eradicated, and that manufacturers in future will take good care to appoint as their agents good steady men. By so doing they will be serving their own interest, and also prevent disgrace falling on the trade by the dishonesty and fast living of the few.

### CHARLEY REBUKES US!

THE Finsbury Conservatives held a self-gratulatory meeting on Saturday, at which Mr. Charley, M.P., figured as the distinguished stranger. In that capacity he congratulated the Conservatives of that Cockney district on the satisfactory state of the Conservative cause, a proof of which was given by Finsbury itself, which was a "reflex of the whole country." We are not quite sure what a reflex is in politics, or what Mr. Charley meant by the term, and we are therefore driven to the etymology of the expression. It means literally a turning back, and in that sense the word was not very happily employed, as, in turning back to review political events, the first thing we come to is the Halifax election, which was certainly not a very convincing instance of the progress of Conservative principles in the land. There are, however, exceptions to all rules, as there are to all sweeping statements; and it is probable, after all, that in making the statement under notice, the junior member for Salford was but employing a little of that soft-soap, for the manufacture of which he is famous, and which had accumulated so rapidly during his enforced absence, that he had too much on his hands. Soft-soap is not appreciated in the House of Commons, unless it be administered with greater dexterity than that possessed by Mr. Charley. He knows better than to attempt employing it in Parliament, but local Conservative Cockneys not only feel pleasantly titillated by it, but swallow it in lumps, while the constitutional element in Salford, washed and unwashed, absolutely revels in it. It was not, however, of Mr. Charley's soft-soap that we intended to write. There is another thing that does not go down in the House of Commons, and that is vulgar and unfeeling rubbish. Out of Parliament, from Tory platform and press, the public have been plentifully dosed with this; and Mr. Charley gave the Conservatives of Finsbury, gaping for their favourite medicine, a very complete and characteristic bolus. He has found out a new word by which to describe the sympathy and pity which all England felt and feels for the outraged Bulgarians; he calls it "humanity-mongering." He said he could not help congratulating those Finsbury Conservatives "on the collapse of the humanity-mongers' agitation—an organised hypocrisy which has come to an untimely end." Unfortunately for Mr. Charley's point, the same evening paper which reported these humorous remarks contained the latest published Government despatch, of which, as Mr. Charley was spouting, the proof sheet was probably not dry. In this document Lord Derby is described as telegraphing to Sir H. Elliot in these words: "I think it right to mention for your guidance that the impression produced here by events in Bulgaria has completely destroyed sympathy with Turkey. The feeling is universal," etc. Probably if Mr. Charley had been aware that this document was in the printer's hands he would not have said what he did say, but would have favoured the Tories of Finsbury with some other coarse and easy Tory misrepresentation evolved from his teeming brain. As it is, we have it from Mr. Charley's own lips that in his opinion the people whose hearts

were touched by the spectacle of bleeding Bulgaria, and who championed her cause, were merely "humanity-mongers" (we recommend the word to the Tory newspapers, it is a better word than atrocitarian) and "organised hypocrites." We have it, on the other hand, from Lord Derby that the agitation which Mr. Charley thus pithily describes was so strong that it forced the Government to abstain from a certain course which, according to the report, would in all probability have been adopted. That course is clearly foreshadowed in the despatch which we now take up at the point when we dropped it, "is universal," and so strong that even if Russia were to declare war against the Porte her Majesty's Government would find it practically impossible to interfere." There is a yearning regret in these words which clearly indicates a contemplated interference. How does Mr. Charley interpret the passage? Unless he eats his own words, which he has had to do before now, and probably will find it expedient to do on further occasions, he must take Lord Derby to mean that a party agitation, hypocritically got up under the plea of human sympathies, forced the Government which is in power to reverse its policy in a question of political interest which involved the fate of nations. Oh, Mr. Charley, if this was so, what sort of government is that which you go about puffing so liberally? Mr. Charley does not even allow his own party the loophole of saying that we were too virtuous last autumn, carried away by emotion, and so on. Oh, no, we are all hypocrites, and Lord Derby is in the dumps because our hypocrisy was too much for him, while Mr. Charley is in ecstasies because it has now died a natural death after all the mischief has been done! But enough of this. Speech is free in this country, and for the greater part of the year dogs are allowed to run about the streets unmuzzled. To our mind, if the restriction were taken off guns altogether and applied to sucking barristers and embryo politicians, who have little aim in life save to talk themselves into notoriety, England would be a happier country to dwell in than it is at present.

### JACKDAW BALLADS.

[BY OUR OWN BALLADMONGER.]

#### No. I.—ARCHIBALD OGGs.

ARCHIBALD OGGs was an amiable youth,  
Not very handsome, to tell you the truth;  
The cast of his features were far from exact,  
And all, save himself, were aware of the fact.

But Archie—for short we will give him that name—

It would hardly be fair as conceited to blame;

'Tis true that he thought himself handsome, but then

'Tis a failing that's common enough among men.

How could he know that his nose was awry,

Matching so neatly the cast in his eye?

How could he tell that his legs?—but no matter,

No one he had to console or to flatter.

Personal gifts are a delicate point,

So are extremities wide at the joint;

Archibald OGGs was persuaded of this—

That with his beauty he'd nothing amiss.

Archibald OGGs used to look in the glass—

Do not suppose that poor OGGs was an ass—

False the presentment the mirror gave back;

Archie, though ugly, of brains had no lack.

Archibald OGGs had a fortune in gold,

A legacy left by an uncle, I'm told,

Ample sufficient to keep him in life,

And not only so, as he thought, but a wife.

So for a wife he began to explore;

Archibald OGGs knew a dozen or more

Single young ladies who had in their head

Only, he thought, the desire to be wed.

**FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED** to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s.? Set of Elastic 1s., at 4, Birmingham-st., London.



Ugly, amorous Archibald Oggs,  
With the gayest of airs and the finest of togs,  
Setting himself the fair ladies to please,  
Found that he didn't succeed among these.

All the prettiest girls were shy  
Of the crooked nose and cast in the eye;  
How can this be, I'd like to know?  
Said amorous, ugly Archibald O.

Only the ugliest girls he knew,  
Whose arts were many and graces few,  
Seemed to respond; but he said, "Oh!  
They're after the tin," said Archibald O.

He made an impression upon the plain,  
While courting the handsome all in vain;  
It began at last his soul to vex,  
That he fared so ill with the other sex.

At last one day, in a doleful frame  
Of mind, he bethought him of his name,  
And he thought that a man named Archibald Oggs  
Was certainly bound to go to the dogs.

He vowed that he'd change this name absurd—  
Archibald Oggs was a man of his word—  
He paid his money and took his choice,  
And figured as Archibald O Burjoyce.

Still unaware that he was plain,  
He went and courted the girls again,  
And he specially had his eye on one  
For the love of whom he had felt undone.

But the eye that is on a girl should be  
Framed in a fashion straight to see;  
You have already had a delicate hint  
That Archibald Oggs had an ugly squint.

I forget that he now was Oggs no more,  
But his luck was no better than before,  
He began to have a perception dim  
That the girls somehow wouldn't look at him.

The one particular fair one who  
Was mentioned married "a Parly boo,  
D—d ugly eater of snails and frogs,"  
Thus ugly, amorous Archibald Oggs.

Archibald Oggs thus missed his bride,  
And this was the way that Archie tried  
To console himself—for a time he thought  
That he with that Frenchman could have fought.

Says ugly, amorous Oggs, "I will!"  
But luckily he was taken ill,  
And to nought his valorous project came,  
For he never yet shot but he missed his aim.

I do not know the disease he had,  
But Archibald Oggs grew very bad,  
His state got rapidly worse and worse  
In spite of the doctor and the nurse.

Archibald Oggs's end is near,  
And he looks at his case with an insight clear,  
And it suddenly flashes upon his mind  
That he is the ugliest of mankind.

He summons his whole remaining strength,  
And he gasps for a while, and he says at length  
To the doctor, whom in the ribs he jogs,  
Write on the tombstone, ARCHIBALD OGGS.

Archie, however, did not die,  
But in spite of his nose and the cast in his eye  
Contrived to avoid a bachelor's life  
By just putting up with an ugly wife.

## DOMESTIC.

**I**N the absence of more stirring news, the following recipes for the extermination of cockroaches will be found of interest:—

Procure a hedgehog or a guinea pig. The former is best because the cat will kill the guinea pig, but will not touch the hedgehog. Place the hedgehog in the cellar or kitchen where those beetles are. Upon seeing a beetle the hedgehog will immediately roll itself into a ball, for hedgehogs have an aversion to beetles. All you have then to do is to turn the hedgehog over and over with your foot, when the beetle or beetles will be impaled upon the prickles with which the beast is armed. If a guinea pig is used the cat must be banished into a distant part of the premises, when the rats and mice will come out and eat all the beetles.

If there are no rats and mice in the house it is no use to employ a guinea pig, but you may substitute a tortoise. This animal when placed in a cellar is very restless, and walks constantly about searching for a soft place to dig a hole and bury itself. In doing this, and treading very quietly in the dark, it will destroy the beetles with its feet.

Take a pinch or two of snuff and sprinkle it in the haunts of those beetles. This will set all the beetles sneezing, and while they are disconcerted by this occurrence, of which they have no previous experience, you can deal with them at your leisure. This, however, requires that you should watch behind the cellar-door.

Stopping up all the holes or cracks leading to the cellar or kitchen is an infallible method of getting rid of beetles, which will not trouble you any more, but go away into your neighbour's kitchen or cellar.

Or, if you do not wish your neighbour to be troubled, adopt this plan. Having carefully made a note of the situation of all those cracks and holes in the day time, repair to that kitchen or cellar when it is dark and the beetles are abroad, and grope around until you have stopped all those holes with putty, and then strike a light and attack those beetles at once, or you can wait till the morning.

If you are of a humane disposition, and do not like to destroy life, you can deal with black beetles in the following manner:—Take a large shallow pan or dish, and half fill it with stale beer or sugar and water. Place it in the haunts of the beetles at night, visit the pan every ten minutes or so during the night, and take out the beetles which have fallen in with a spoon. Place them together in an old tea-chest or other box, and keep them there until they die a natural death. They require no food: they will feed on one another.

This has never been known to fail. Take an empty sodawater bottle, and make it stand neck upwards with no support in the middle of the kitchen. You will never be troubled with beetles any more.

Purchase some beetle-destroying powder at the chemist's, pour some of it occasionally down the holes of the beetles. The beetles are so fond of this mixture that they will not issue forth any more, but remain in their holes feeding and blessing their unknown benefactor in their hearts.

Take a large cucumber, not less than a foot and a half in length, and peel it carefully. The cucumber will do to eat for supper. Then take the rind which you have preserved, and eat that. You will be ill for a little while, but you will never be troubled with beetles any more.

[For further information on this subject consult the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*.]

OUR *Evening News* begins a paragraph as follows:—

"CARD-SHARPS CAUGHT.—Eleven men, named George Fisher, who gave his address," etc.

This is too much refinement, and is a good illustration of the very little that separates the sublime from the ridiculous in grammar.

**LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 87, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.

# JACKDAW



## AMUSEMENTS.

**MANLEY PALACE AND PARK COMPANY, LIMITED.—NOTICE.**  
The GROUNDS and HALL will be CLOSED to the Public until Saturday, March 17th, except to Shareholders and persons engaged on the business of the Company.  
EDWIN W. MARSHALL, Secretary.

**MANLEY PALACE AND PARK COMPANY, LIMITED, Manchester.**  
The Preliminary Exhibition of  
ANCIENT AND MODERN PICTURES  
Will be OPENED to the Public on Saturday, March 17th,  
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

It will comprise some of the best examples of the English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Belgian Schools, and include the Celebrated  
HARREL COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS,  
which has recently been exhibited with marked success in Philadelphia only. Among other interesting Works of Art, a Unique and Valuable Assortment of  
ARMS AND ARMOUR

will be on view, comprising selected examples from the  
MEYRICK and GUBNEY COLLECTIONS.  
The Admission on St. Patrick's Day will be 2s. 6d., and afterwards ONE SHILLING.  
The Band will perform during the Afternoon a Selection of IRISH AIRS appropriate to the occasion.—By order,  
February 23rd, 1877. EDWARD LEE, General Manager.

## OUR EASTERN TRADE: INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT.

### AQUARIUM

TO INDIA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Beautiful dissolving views and descriptive musical entertainment and lecture, illustrating the archaeology, manners, and scenery of our Indian Empire.

**YOUNG MEN** are INVITED to JOIN the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. Central Offices, PETER STREET.

## THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SELECTED HIGH-CLASS PICTURES IS NOW OPEN

At Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS, Exchange Street Galleries, from 10 till 5 o'clock daily; Saturday, 10 till 2.

Admission (including catalogue) One Shilling.

## BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN JORDAN.

THIS CELEBRATED PICTURE, BY E. G. LEWIS,  
NOW ON VIEW, at H. WHAITE'S FINE ART GALLERY,  
Bridge Street, Manchester, from 10 to 8.

ADMISSION . . . . SIXPENCE EACH.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the Rev. J. Wray, of Ashton-on-Mersey, cannot understand how the news leaked out that the living was on sale.

That on first reading the correspondence in the *Examiner*, the reverend gentleman exclaimed, "Mersey on us, I am astonished!"

That the Mr. Washnor, who says that when a flea stings him he does not hunt it, is not above cracking a joke.

That perhaps it never struck him that the flea hunts him.

That the Oldham electors, in honour of Serjeant Spinks and in view of the frost, are hoping for melting moments.

That a few of the Conservative electors—as well as the serjeant's tears—were bottled.

That the *Oldham Standard* has taken to mourn too, and threatened to come out with a black border unless Colonel Lees was returned.

That the Conservative colour was most popular at the election—blue (cold) noses.

That the Launceston electors decline to go in for sobriety in the shape of Drinkwater, notwithstanding they have had too much of publican Deakin.

That most of the publicans in Manchester should have their names in the clergy list, seeing they are under Deakin's orders.

That it was too bad to dis-inter the joke that the Rev. Jones Hamer had said the Bishop of Manchester was drunk.

That the only excuse could be that it was a dis(s)inter's question.

That at the School for Cookery, the other day, the person who was instructing poor people how to make lobster cutlets should have begun, "First buy your lobster."

## REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

### THE CATS AND THE SNOW.

**T**IS the cold dreary winter, and here is the snow,  
Where on earth can the poor cats go,  
Who at night serenade on the tiles?

The sweet maiden puss, and the grave tom-cat sire,  
And the gallant Sir Tom who performs on the lyre,  
All mawing and screaming 'tween whiles.

When the cast of Grimalkin's new opera doth go  
To the tops of the houses, and there see the snow,  
What a terrible noise there will be!  
Quite astounded the musical party will stare  
At the carpet of white which is spread for them there,  
And which causes them wonder to see.

The gallant Sir Thomas in anger will say,  
Who the manx-cats and tabbies have been here to-day,  
And played on our platform this prank?  
By my tail and my whiskers I swear and declare  
If I don't raise a yell that the boldest will scare,  
They wout have this tom-ent to thank.

Then he'll make a most terrible riot and noise,  
Far exceeding the shouts of a school full of boys,  
What he will and will not do he'll say,  
Till a brush or a boot-jack is flung at his head  
By some one disturbed by the noise whilst in bed,  
When the whole lot will scamper away.

## DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Assize Courts. Bar assembled.*

*First Barrister.* How's business?

*Second Barrister.* Oh, pretty fair.

*First Barrister.* Got many briefs?

*Second Barrister.* One.

*First Barrister.* When had you your last?

*Second Barrister.* Hem! Never had one before.

SCENE II.—*The Cathedral. The Bishop and Dean conversing.*

*Dean.* By the way, do you see Dean Close is down upon you about your speeches at the theatres?

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



Bishop. Oh, indeed.

Dean. Yes; and he's going to print a speech he delivered twenty-six years ago to counteract your baneful influence.

Bishop. I hope it'll do good. By the way, how would Dean Close look if he tried to wear the same pair of trousers now that he wore twenty-six years ago?

Dean. They wouldn't fit him.

Bishop. And his speech won't fit the times now.

### SCENE III.—On 'Change.

First Cotton Spinner. I say, do you see Patti has bolted with a handsome tenor?

Second Cotton Spinner. Not surprised at it.

First Cotton Spinner. Why?

Second Cotton Spinner. Why, because times are so hard people may be excused doing anything. Have a drink?

### SCENE IV.—The back step of the High Sheriff's carriage.

First Flunkey. Capital charge of Manisty's, wasn't it?

Second Flunkey. Bootiful!

First Flunkey. Didn't he go in for the pomp of the High Sheriff?

Second Flunkey. Didn't he?

First Flunkey. Think it would have been the right thing for him to have said something about our calves, don't you?

Second Flunkey. It's a delicate subject with his lordship; got none to boast of himself.

### AN OLD TOPER TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

**W**HAT, part with my beer? No fear! It is nothing but spite as suggests it;

If there's love for a swig at a gill, it's me as professes to feel it.

But there's fellows abroad who declares that it's wrong to drink toddy and whiskey—

Let me have a say as to that, for I likes to be jolly and frisky.

Them teetotalers is gettin' most aw'k'ard, so much that I'd like 'em all guzzled;

They preach and they spout about drink, till it's enough to make a man fuddled;

While Hoyle and the papers, between 'em, says we're out on the road to ruin,

But as a warnin' to all, I declares that a storm round their heads is a brewin'.

There's the United Kingdom Alliance, with its big gun—S-r

W-l-l-d l-r-w-n,

Is always a-scolding and snubbing, and throwing out wicked aspersion;

But never you mind 'em, my boys, be true to yer colours and beer,

And if we don't wollop 'em yet—why, dash me, then I'm not here.

Why don't they let us alone, and leave us to go on our own way,

That the world's big enough for us all should be admitted, is my say;

Lengthening the hours for labour (the brutes!) and shortening the hours for drink,

Is not fit work for a Parliament, me and my mates do think.

### THE ECLIPSE.

**W**E have taken a great deal of trouble to ascertain any particulars about the eclipse of the moon, which took place on Tuesday night, and we have heard of a few startling facts. That the state of the moon has had an extraordinary effect upon some men and things we do not doubt. For instance, Mr. Baron Muddleston and Lady Diana Muddleston were both seen walking down Market Street together on their way to the Assize Courts; and Mr. Justice Womanisty was seen to purchase an *Evening News*—and cuffed a newsboy soundly because he tried to palm off upon him a first edition. Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., though not

one of her Majesty's judges, did not walk down Market Street, but took a hansom—a most unusual thing for him, as he generally requires a four-wheeler—and squabbled loudly with the driver about the fare. A tom-cat sat on the roof of the judges' lodgings all night, and helped Mr. Justice Womanisty to collect his thoughts as to the charge he had to deliver. The grand jury were mostly housed at the Palatine; and Baron Muddleston, after seeing his better half quietly ensconced for the night, retired to discuss points of law at the billiard table. These legal mems. are supplied to us by the bar devil, and he has promised to appear before the court if the learned judges of assize—only they're not of a size, as Tom Hood says—haul us up for contempt of court.

In other circles the eclipse had an equally extraordinary effect. Mr. Aronsberg was seen putting up his own shutters, and on being informed of the fact said he used to do it often when he was a boy. The Town Clerk walked home without a cigar in his mouth. The Bishop got into bed without first putting on his night-cap. Miss Lydia Becker dreamt she was a freemason. Alderman Willert was seen in Albert Square looking up at the moon, and wondering where the pointers of the Town Hall clock had got to.

The policemen were all indoors with the cooks, and householders were wondering why, although they used American beef, they did not get any richer.—N.B. Doesn't anybody notice a wonderful improvement in the physique of the Manchester policemen since householders began to purchase American beef?

### AND SERJEANT SPINKS SMOLE!

**W**E were all wrong last week when we described Serjeant Spinks, the Conservative member for Oldham, as having wept in memory of his dead friend, and for the iniquities of the Gladstone Government. We've had a visit from the learned serjeant since, and he's convinced us without the shadow of a doubt that he no more wept than our pen does now, when the tears flowed from his eyes. He asks us if we never laughed until we cried. Well, somehow or another, he says that was his case on the day in question, when the cruel *Guardian* and the wicked *Examiner* held him forth to the world as having been overcome by his feelings. The learned serjeant sat in our editorial arm-chair, but, bless you! he's no more like Pecksniff than he's like the reader. He's the jolliest old lawyer you ever clapped eyes upon, and he's one of the best inward laughers we ever met—and his convulsions are as affecting as those of an infant cutting his first teeth. And this is all how it came about, and the learned serjeant is our authority, and our devil is prepared to guarantee its accuracy. As we said before, the learned serjeant sat in our editorial chair, and a finer idea of what Uncle Toby was in his prime you never saw in your life. He had come to give us the benefit of his aquatic powers. The serjeant's face was a study. The skin of it was drawn that tight that a flea couldn't have struck his tent upon the surface for the world. And then the serjeant winked, and proceeded as follows:—"And you were misled, my friend, too, in thinking that I wept. God bless you! it was only giving vent to my laughter. While I harrowed up the remembrance of my dead friend, while I heaped Conservative turfs over his immortal memory, the idea came upon me all in a lump that I had never shed a tear since my nurse stuck a pin into me when I was a child—as she swore that I must be a pincushion filled with sawdust, being such a dry stick—the idea came over me with such irresistible force that I laughed inwardly until I was nearly suffocated, and then came the tears to my relief. I galloped into the Eastern Question with the hope to chase the thought from my memory, but just as I was about to remark that the eyes of the country were upon us, I remembered that my nurse once stitched a button on the back of my neck—and my tears on that occasion, as on this, saved my life." And hereupon Serjeant Spinks smole, so undertakers needn't write us any more letters, as at present he is fully engaged on our own staff.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

## HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

DO not know if I have yet succeeded in impressing on my pupils what an easy thing it is to write poetry. As a matter of fact, it is a much harder thing to shoe a horse than to write a poem about him. If you look at poetry in this light, indeed, it is the easiest thing in existence, and I only wonder that there are not more poets in the world than there are. Mr. Tennyson, whose latest effusion has suggested this column, affords an admirable example of the ease with which poetry may be written which will sell, and be quoted in all the newspapers, and read aloud in all drawing-rooms, and wept over by beslobbering critics. Of course, when I have used the word poetry in these essays, I have applied it in a relative sense of my own. God forbid that I should aspire to be a poet in the sense in which we speak of the author of the Princess and Locksley Hall. May God also forbid that I ever write such bad verses as are now written by Mr. Tennyson. I know very well that even if I were to excel Mr. Tennyson's latest efforts I should find no market for my commodities. I am unknown, you see, and have never written anything worth reading. How can I expect to sell my rubbish? If I were to go to a tailor or hatter, and place my pen at his disposal for the purpose of introducing his wares to the public, that tradesman would kick me out as rudely as if I were an advertisement canvasser. There are plenty of hatters, though, who would pay Mr. Tennyson a handsome sum for a copy of verses, whether those verses were rubbish or not. The particular rubbish on which I propose to comment has been shot into the first number of a new London magazine, called the *Nineteenth Century*, and is as plainly intended as a puff for that periodical as ever was the composition of any rhymster intended for a puff. "Read what Mr. Sala, or Mr. Tennyson, or Mr. Jackdaw says about my goods!" says the hatter. "Read what Mr. Tennyson has written in my magazine!" says the publisher. It is a recognised form of literature nowadays, and we all do it. But let the puffer stick to his puffing, say I, and the poet to his poetry. In the following lines, for instance, it is hard to say (knowing who wrote them) which part is puff and which poetry:—

"Those that of late had fled far and fast  
To touch all shores, now leaving to the kill  
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,  
Have chartered this."

In the first place, apart from the fact of being a puff for a new magazine, this is absolutely unintelligible; but unintelligibility is, as I have often said, a very safe refuge for hard-up poets. Let the poet laureate continue:—

"Where, mindful of the past,  
Our true co-mates regather round the mast,  
Of diverse tongue, but with a common will  
Here, in this roaring month of daffodil  
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast:  
For some, descending from the sacred peak  
Of hoar high-templed faith, have leagued again  
Their lots with ours to rove the world about;  
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to see  
If any golden harbour be for men  
In seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt."

Notice the use of the word "co" in conjunction to mates. It does not add anything to the meaning, but it lengthens the line to the requisite number of feet. What is meant by "diverse tongue" is obvious enough to those who are in the secret, though the reader is not in that situation; but what is intended by the introduction of the roaring month, and the crocuses, and the daffodils, and braving the blast, it is utterly impossible to say. Does Mr. Tennyson mean to say that it is more difficult to bring out the first number of a magazine in a high wind than it is when the

weather is calm? Is he of opinion that crocuses and daffodils are plants which have an uncanny or blighting effect on literary effort? What, again, is meant by "the sacred peak of hoar high-templed faith"? Is it the writer that comes down from the peak, or is it faith which is on the peak, or of which the peak is a part, or is the peak on the top of the temple, or the temple on top of the peak? We give it up and pass on. The two last lines have a specious ring about them which suggest that they have been growing mouldy in some forgotten drawer, and fished out to serve as a passable tag to the whole effusion. But, after all, what is there in them? To search for "golden harbours" in seas of death and sunless gulfs is neither a profitable nor a cheerful performance, nor is the idea of such a search a poetic one. But I have said enough. I have an admiration for Mr. Tennyson's genius, and I am only sorry that apparently it did not, when in its prime, furnish him with a sufficient supply of the one thing the choice of which could act as an inducement to the writing of rubbish.

## THE BLACK BEETLE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THIS is a crawling reptile which in  
The house, especially the kitchen  
And cellar, may be freely found  
In numbers swarming on the ground.

They crawl about from place to place—  
They are an interesting race—  
Although, like other folks, I hate them,  
And gladly would exterminate them.

'Tis well an interest to take  
In cockroaches for science' sake,  
But when they are a nuisance to you  
What good will such a process do you?

The scientific man it pays  
To watch their interesting ways,  
And note their habits in a book—  
Not so the housemaid and the cook.

And I myself, I must aver,  
Detest them as a householder;  
And if a cockroach I should nab, it's  
Not merely to observe its habits.

They are obnoxious to me, so  
Those cockroaches must die, you know;  
The cockroach is another name—  
But never mind, it's all the same.

For with the Latin poet *odi*  
*Profanum vulgus*, and the mode I  
Adopt by way of illustration  
Is, when I can, extermination.

O die! intruding swarm! I say,  
Which is a free and easy way  
Of rendering the poet's line—  
At all events, the mode is mine.

For long unaided have I sought  
To find the method which I ought  
To use for extirpating beet  
This very horrid household pest.

I tried all sorts of plans, and then  
At last I thought I'd try the pen;  
I wrote—the step it was a hardy 'un—  
I wrote a letter to the *Guardian*.

I knew the editor was kind,  
And also that he had a mind  
Well stocked with facts and very wise,  
From which his answers he supplies,

Apparently the editor  
Was ignorant on beetles, for  
From him no answer straight I got,  
But from the public quite a lot.

The public sympathetic seemed,  
With letters Friday's *Guardian* teemed;  
They filled—it is a truth most solemn—  
They filled three-quarters of a column.

The correspondence came in quires,  
The Eastern Question paled its fires,  
All other news was microscopic,

"BLACK BEETLES" was the leading topic.

All sorts of remedies were mentioned  
By countless writers well intentioned,  
And though opinions were divided,  
All hated beetles, just like I did.

Says one, with satisfaction placid,  
Pour in their holes carbolic acid,  
Which will annoy those beetles so,  
That all the tribe away will go.

Another says, when beer he swigs,  
A beetle dies; and guinea pigs,  
Quoth number three, are mortal foes  
To beetles, and advises those.

A fourth has a suggestion nobby—  
The common hedgehog is his hobby;  
A fifth, with confidence demure,  
A tortoise tells me to secure.

Suggestions now come thick and faster,  
For oatmeal, sugar, Paris plaster,  
Or phosphorus, by way of poison,  
Each writer next those brutes employs on.

The last of all suggests a plan  
He recommends to every man,  
Which is by far most intellectual,  
And will, he says, be most effectual.

The tribe of beetles he attacks  
By stopping up their holes and cracks;  
A man, says he, this practice firm in,  
May extirpate all kinds of vermin.

It is an easy process, tut! he  
Has only got to use some putty,  
And there they are, and there he is—  
One more suggestion, too, is his.

He says that if you chance to spy  
A cockroach, you should keep your eye  
Upon that beetle, let him stroll  
Until he comes unto his hole.

And then you take your putty, and  
Insert a morsel with your hand,  
That's all, and by that action clever  
That beetle disappears for ever.

To squash that beetle with your sole  
Would be no use, for then its hole  
(Or crack) would never be desecrated,  
Although the nasty insect died.

'Twere useless further to descant  
Upon this theme, and so I shan't,  
Although of subject there is plenty—  
Of letters there were nearly twenty.

A hater of the vermin kind,  
I now must thank my *Guardian* kind,  
Which proved to me, as it has done,  
That I am not the only one.

### QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE performance of the "Shaughraun" at this theatre is, on the whole, a creditable and pleasing one. There is not so much brogue knocking about as one would expect to find in an Irish piece, but a small effort of imagination prevents this fault from attracting too much attention. The two principal ladies—Miss Wilmott and Miss D'Elmar—scarcely make an effort in this direction, and perhaps they are right, as no brogue is better than a bad or affected one. Mr. Herwyn's brogue, on the other hand, is a trifle too rich, but he plays the part of Conn well, occasionally very well. He would play it better, at least in the Author's estimation, were he to stick more closely to the text; but the public do not notice these fine points.

### "A POPULAR PREACHER IN A FOG."

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Dear Sir,—A copy of your recent article on this subject has been sent me by Mr. William Birch, jun., with the remark—"A Lunatic sometimes can throw mud, but he receives pity." He has emphasized the first two letters, apparently because they form the initials of my name. I sent him a polite note yesterday, informing him he was mistaken in concluding I was the author of the article in question. This note he has returned without one word of explanation or apology. Now, Sir, I have no fault to find with the article itself; I consider it an honest criticism of Mr. Birch's "confession of faith," and I might have esteemed it an honour to be mistaken for its author. But in the preacher's opinion it is "mud," and I am the mudlark, therefore I trust you will give me an opportunity of vindicating through your columns my utter irresponsibility in connection with the preparation or publication of this article.—I am, yours truly,

ARTHUR LORIMER.

9, Lincroft Street, Moss Side, Feb. 27.

### COUPON SWINDLING.

THE latest thing in swindles is the coupon swindle, which after being successfully practised for a long time in London is being tried on in Manchester, as the *Jackdaw* observes. It is a very simple trick, but the people who are taken in by it must be still simpler. You notice in your daily, weekly, or evening paper a long and elegantly-worded advertisement setting forth that the advertiser possesses a large number of lobsters, or turkeys, or pictures, or what not, which are worth, say, a guinea each. Being anxious to benefit his fellow-creatures, this individual (or perhaps it is a poulterers' company or a fine art association) announces that any one cutting out a coupon, which is tacked to the advertisement, and sending it, along with the sum of one and ninepence, to an address given will receive one of the articles, say, specified above, and worth, say, a guinea. It is scarcely necessary to add that the lobster, if sent, dwindles into a shrimp, and very likely a putrid shrimp, the turkey into a sparrow, and the picture (a magnificent and unique print) into a wretched daub, probably an impression from a worn-out plate which was at no time worth very much. The advertisement, of course, says that this is an only chance, that the advertisement will not again appear in the same paper, and that therefore this opportunity should not be lost of parting with one and ninepence. This is the most barefaced of swindles, yet it would seem to be a paying dodge judging from the persistency with which it is advertised. It hardly need be urged that the person who solemnly avers that a thing cost him a guinea, and yet is willing to sell it for one and ninepence, is either a knave or a fool; but fools are not in the habit of advertising such bargains, they are never fools enough for that. Therefore the *Jackdaw* concludes that the coupon advertisers are knaves, and he recommends them to the attention of the police accordingly.

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatic, neuralgia, tic douloureux, pains in the face and head, gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 184d. and 2s. 9d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill



## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**MUSICAL** Manchester thinks it shows its taste by vociferously applauding and encoring the vocalisation in Oratorio, ignoring the orchestra altogether, which in other towns less artistically cultivated is held to be a leading feature in this particular class of performance. Will musical Manchester accept the hint thus delicately thrown out? The *Jackdaw* fears not.

THE *Jackdaw* understands that proceedings will shortly be taken in Manchester against persons exposing goods outside their shops to the detriment of public morality. Liverpool has set the example in this matter, where several shopkeepers have been fined for placing temptations to steal in the way of street passengers. Oldham Street, as well as some other thoroughfares, offer plenty of scope for operations. It is to be hoped, however, that whatever is done will be done in a seemly manner. We do not believe in raids and sensational police cases, which make big lines for the bills of evening papers.

MR. FRANCIS FULLER'S Crystal Palace scheme continues to occupy considerable attention in London. On examination it turns out to be practically identical with the philanthropic plan which he framed for benefitting the souls, bodies, and pockets of Manchester folks. It is a magnificent scheme. Every shareholder is certain to get a prize worth more than his original subscription, and has a chance of £100,000. It is all prizes and no blanks, and the souls of the people are to be properly considered. Mr. Fuller is the only man we know of who can extract thousands of pounds out of nothing at all, or out of less than nothing. He has a genius that way; that and philanthropy are his fortes. If Mr. Fuller wants a testimonial he knows to what town in the kingdom to send for one.

THERE is no pleasing some people. A juryman writes to the papers and airs a number of grievances. Notwithstanding the fact that he is allowed to wear his great coat in the Minshall Street court to prevent him from freezing, and is also permitted to go out and get his meals at the nearest public-house in whatever weather it may happen to be, this juryman cries out for all sorts of further indulgences. He wants double the present sitting room for each juror, and pens, ink, and pads, like the barristers have; he desires to have some place to hang his coat and hat in, and to store his umbrella. He wants a comfortable sitting-room where he can get his meals supplied to him. He asks that the doors may be fitted with indiarubber to prevent them from making a noise when slammed. In fact, he is under the impression that a juryman has a right to be treated as a gentleman, and furnished with all sorts of luxuries at the expense of a grateful country.

MESSERS. AGNEW have, as usual, an excellent exhibition of selected pictures at the Exchange Street gallery. Mr. Briton Riviere is represented by three new pictures. The "Twa Corbies" is a ghastly theme, treated with artistic minuteness; and "A stern chase is always a long chase" represents faithfully enough a duck sailing away from its companions with a frog in its mouth, an odd but unambitious idea. This picture was shown in the last Academy exhibition. Other works similarly exhibited are in plenty—"God's Covenant with Noah," for instance, a semi-mystic, semi-religious production, which touches on the absurd, though it contains a great deal of hard work, and evinces careful study of natural history. The painter of No. 84, entitled "May," has apparently been somewhere where he has seen the hawthorn and the foxglove in bloom at the same time, which is the only reason we have for mentioning his picture. "An Independent Voter" (75), by Helmick, is a clever study. "King Charles the First at Exeter" (96) is ambitious, and fails gracefully. The rest must remain undescribed, not from want of merit, but of space.

IN *Macmillan's* this month Mr. Freeman defends Owens College against Mr. Robert Lowe, the honourable member for "Stinkomalee," as the London University used to be nicknamed by the aristocratic resident alumni of Oxford and Cambridge. The day is perhaps gone by when the two older Universities can afford to be over-satirical at the expense of the London institution, which has undoubtedly done much good work which would never have been accomplished under the old-fashioned academical system; but, on the other hand, the time has by no means come when it would be absolutely advisable to adopt Mr. Lowe's *nostrum*, and prohibit the giving of degrees by teaching universities. Most people are aware that a degree taken in London is a high testimonial to the recipient's ability, and to that of his teachers. In other words, the University of London is an examining body, nothing more, setting up an exceptionally high standard, but leaving the work of the trainer to outsiders. It deals, in fact, not with the raw material, but with the finished article. Mr. Lowe does not look upon education from the purely educational point of view, but would do away with universities as training grounds altogether. He objects especially to the proposed Charter for Owens College on the ground that teachers are not fit to be entrusted with a judgment on the merits of their own pupils. This is Mr. Lowe's crotchet, and he can't get rid of it. After all, however, it is only a crotchet, as Mr. Freeman shows. Mr. Lowe objects to teaching universities on the ground that they lower the standard of examination, but his views may be objected to on the ground that they lower the standard of morality. Mr. Lowe argues and seems to think that a degree taken by an Owens College lad would, if conferred by Owens College instead of by an examining board in London, lose its value. This argument would be valid if we assume, firstly, that the object of university education is the obtaining permission to write a letter or two after one's name; and, secondly, that a scholar and a gentleman ceases to be scholar and gentleman when he undertakes the duty of a tutor or lecturer. These two assumptions, together or separately, are hard to swallow.

## THE MAN IN THE MOON AT OLDHAM!

SCENE.—In front of Oldham Town Hall. Voter meeting Stranger.

Voter. Lost anything?

Stranger. No.

Voter. Found anything?

Stranger. No.

Voter. Has't owt to give 'way?

Stranger. Has't owt to give for't?

Voter. Will't give five shillings?

Stranger. Will't give vote?

Voter. Thank you.

Stranger. You're sure you're not dead?

Voter. No.

Stranger. Doesn't matter if you were; you can personate yourself or somebody else.

Voter. Oh, yes, if you'll pay my return ticket to —

Stranger. Oh, go to the d—

A LUNAR-TIC ADVERTISEMENT.—They have got a queer idea of dates in North Lancashire. According to the *Preston Guardian* of Wednesday, the Alleghanian vocalists will appear at Grange on February 29th, Cartmel on February 30th, and Dalton-in-Furness on February 31st. Perhaps somebody will tell us whether there are any more days in February?

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

Ill-used.—The illusion is on your side.

The article on "Commission Agents" was accidentally "declined, with thanks," in our last issue.

**WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.**—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 134d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

## MANCHESTER

## COMPTON TESTIMONIAL FUND.

## MR. COMPTON,

The well-known Comedian, has been struck down by a painful malady, which precludes all possibility of his being able in the future to follow his profession. From the universal respect for this gentleman, it has been proposed to give in Manchester, as in London, a

## GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

For his benefit, and the Directors of the Theatre Royal have placed their theatre at the disposal of the Committee for that purpose.

Messrs. CHARLES SANTLEY, J. JEFFERSON, CHARLES CALVERT, SIDNEY, SAKER, EDWARD COMPTON, SIDNEY, Jun.; Miss ADA CAVENDISH, Mrs. CALVERT, Miss COMPTON, Mrs. AYNSLEY COOKE, and many other ladies and gentlemen have already volunteered their services and help on this special occasion in Manchester.

THE PERFORMANCE WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE EVENING OF

**MONDAY, MARCH 26, AT SEVEN P.M.,**

ON WHICH OCCASION

Mr. SANTLEY will appear as Tom Tug in "The Waterman," supported by Mrs. AYNSLEY COOKE, Mr. SAKER, &c. Mr. JEFFERSON will appear as Mr. Golightly in the celebrated farce by Maddison Morton, "Lend Me Five Shillings." Miss ADA CAVENDISH, Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT, Miss COMPTON, Mr. CHARLES CALVERT, Mr. SIDNEY, Mr. SIDNEY, Jun., Mr. EDWARD COMPTON, &c., will appear in one or other of their favourite characters, which will be announced later.

Tickets One Guinea to be had at the Box-offices of the Theatres, Royal and Prince's, and at the establishments of Messrs. FORSYTH BROTHERS and Messrs. HIME & ADDISON; or from any member of the Committee.

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